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was the undoubted sovereign of his specialty notwithstanding he remained unknown to Paris until the Exposition of 1855. He sent two capital works, the "Trouble Fête" and "La Fête au Château." The Jury upon Recompenses awarded him a medal, to which the government added the cross of "Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur."

In Belgium he was Member of the Academy, Professor of the "Beaux Arts" School, and Commander of the Order of Leopold. His funeral was really princely. The Prime Minister, Chancellor, and Minister of State attended; the king was represented by his officer of household, and by the Grand Marshal of the Palace. Upon his coffin, by the side of the numerous emblems of the different orders to which he belonged, were placed the two palettes which he used habitually—one for water colors, the other for his works in oil.

Behind the funeral car walked a young girl, dressed in deep mourning, carrying a large crown of violets, with this inscription, "To its Illustrious President—the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colors."

At the tomb, after the several eulogies, the Burgomaster of Saint-Josse-ten-Noode informed the assembly that the place where the celebrated artist died would henceforth bear his name.

The *atelier* of Madou is, in itself, a museum that the best Belgic artists have illustrated by their works. Upon an easel is an unfinished picture, representing a young girl knitting under the gaze of a handsome young man who seems to tell her a flowery history. Madou had interrupted his work to attend the inauguration of the exhibition when death waited on him. All the rooms of his house are adorned, the panels of the furniture, with large pictures representing scenes from La Fontaine's fables. Like Ergres, Madou made less of his talent as painter than of that which he believed himself to possess as a musician. When he was alone, his great joy was to play upon a violin in his *atelier*; only, as he attached a greater value to his bow than to his pencil, he hid his musical recreations with jealous care. Very few of his friends, even the most intimate, could boast of having heard him play; and truth obliges them to say that this great painter was, as a musician, absolutely deplorable. His doctors state a curious fact, upon a detail of his physical organization; his eyes were formed in such a manner that he saw everything much larger than nature—as, it is said, is the eye of the horse.

The death of Madou is, for the Belgic school, an irreparable loss. No one among the pupils that he has formed, nor among the many pupils whom he took pleasure in instructing and encouraging by his counsels, is capable of filling the great gap made by his sudden death.

—John Steeple.

THE SALON OF 1877.

THE number of works submitted to the jury was 7,923. The labor of examining these works is over; and, in spite of the number, relatively considerable, of the refused, there are one hundred and thirty admissions more for the painting than last year; four hundred more for the designs and water colors; one hundred and six more for engravings; there are 980 statues, busts and statuettes.

The jury hold their deliberations upon the works in an immense hall, or rather room, being nearly square; in the centre is an immense easel capable of holding five large pictures and about a dozen smaller ones. The members of the jury express their opinions by saying *one* when the work is judged altogether superior; and *two* when it is only very good.

Out of the 7,923 works presented, 49 were judged *one*, and 160 judged *two*. The year is considered good, as quite recently there were only 11 judged *one*. As for the remaining works they are marked *révision*; that is to say, that the opinions upon their merits are divided; and after the first examination they are to undergo another. Altogether the number of paintings admitted this year is 2,110.

It requires more than twenty days to hang these pic-

tures. Among the refused are many canvases unworthy of the name of works of art; and there are many painters, some of great merit, who devote their time entirely to the production of works that cannot be styled anything else than vulgar. We will mention two of the refused subjects, to give an idea of the kind. These two are well painted, and one is by an artist who manages to make a noise each year by having his works refused; we speak of Manet, who, one would judge, from his refined features, a poet-artist, but whose works are always coarse and vulgar; this year he sends a work entitled "Nana." In the middle of a very strange interior, standing before a glass, dressed only in a chemise and a pair of very necessary but unmentionable garments, stands Mlle. Nana, powdering her face with *poudre de riz*, while seated upon a sofa, his chin upon a cane or walking stick, a young man visitor attends her toilet. The other picture, by the side of which the picture of Manet is a gem of morality, is entitled "Health by Gymnastics," and shows a woman entirely nude, making a wheel of herself by bending backward until her hands clasp her feet. We are happy to say that the jury remorselessly expunge all such attempts. Nothing is more beautiful than the nude, and it is certainly the test of ability in drawing and painting; the nude is the most beautiful medium for the expression of poetic thought, chaste action and sublimity; but when these qualities are carefully wanting, nothing can be further from the purposes of art.

Aimé Millet, the celebrated sculptor of the groups "Vereingétorix" and the "Apollo," which crowns the dome of the Grand Opera House, and many other remarkable works, exhibits this year, at the Salon, "Cassandra Seeking Refuge at the Altar of Pallas." The prophetess, flying before the Greeks entering triumphant into Troy, is cut from a block of marble three yards high. She raises a supplicating hand to Minerva, and her right arm entwines the column which supports the goddess. The bust, thrown backward, presents the rarest perfection of lines. He has worked one year upon the subject, which is compared to his "Ariadne," of the Luxembourg. The block of marble weighed 14,000 pounds before cutting, and still weighs more than 6,000 pounds.

—J. S. D.

ART CRITICISM.

ART is a subject so deep and difficult, so infinitely subtle and complex, that it is only after the study of years that men even begin to comprehend it. But painting has also another characteristic peculiar to itself, and which places its teachers and practitioners in a position of singular delicacy. Other profound studies, as for instance chemistry or mathematics, are seen to be difficult by everyone, and persons who have not studied them never labor under the illusion that they know all about them. But painting seems so simple, the object which it proposes to itself is apparently so obvious, that everyone secretly believes himself competent to judge of it. The really informed teacher has therefore first to persuade his less-informed readers that painting is not a simple matter, but a very deep and subtle compound of several sciences with poetry; next, that they are themselves as yet more or less ignorant of painting; and thirdly, that he, the critic, knows enough of the subject to be a trustworthy teacher and guide. Now, even if the critic can persuade his audience that art is difficult of comprehension, he is accused of contempt for the public as soon as he implies his opinion that the public is generally ignorant of painting. This is so far from being a just accusation, that some of the men whose genius we most revere, as for instance Byron, and Scott, and Wellington, knew nothing whatever of painting. Grown-up people, however, seldom like to be told that they are ignorant of anything; and, indeed, it is superfluous rudeness to tell people of their ignorance when they are already quite aware of it. Men devoted to pure science, as for instance mathematicians, are spared this unpleasant necessity, because no one who has never learned mathematics ever dreams of setting himself up as a judge of merit

in mathematicians. But when people are ignorant of art, they are so usually to that degree that they are not even aware of their own ignorance. The most politic critic is, therefore, continually driven into the dilemma, either to hold his peace, and so let error go uncontradicted, or else convince his pupil, by offensive demonstration, that he does not yet understand the subject. And when we consider that the writer on art addresses himself neither to the obedience of infancy nor the humility of the poor, but to men and women of mature age, already highly refined, often deeply and variously learned in other matters, generally belonging to the upper ranks of life, often very rich, and therefore likely to be very proud, highly susceptible, impatient of instruction, almost incapable of imagining that they have anything yet to learn—the practical difficulty of such teaching is clear. And even if, after making hosts of enemies by his frankness, an art teacher should at last succeed in persuading his readers that they can not know what they have never learned, the difficulty of proving his own competence yet remains. In art criticism the most instructed teacher is continually liable to err. Painting includes positive science, but it also includes much more. Of its noblest powers the feeling of some finely-organized human being is the only criterion; of Turner's dream-power, or Raphael's refinement, the soul is the only judge. And here is a question of deep and inborn affinity: we are not organized alike, and genius affects us variously. My impressions will seem wrong to you if I state them quite honestly, and so would yours to me. A critic, therefore, who ever quits the plain ground of easily ascertainable fact to attempt the higher criticism of feeling, is sure to awaken dissent. Rude and simple persons express this dissent with vehemence, and become personally hostile; intellectual men mark with curious interest the point of divergence, and calmly try to account for it. But both henceforth regard the critic as a fallible person, whose teaching is to be either rejected altogether or received with thoughtful caution.

It may be asked when this educating function of the art-critic is to cease. It is like asking when schoolmasters are to cease. Every day thousands of new human beings come into the world whose future social position will require them to pretend to appreciate pictures. Is this pretension to be a hollow make-belief, degrading to manliness, destructive to honesty, and thus vitally injurious to character? or is it to be the simple assertion of a well-founded right to a real opinion? If the latter, the theoretical art-teacher—the critic, as he is yet called—has endless work before him. By means of books and articles in the reviews and newspapers, and, I think, still more by direct personal communication in the form of lectures, he will have to train the public in those eternal truths which are the beginning of criticism. He and his successors will have to repeat them over and over again so long as civilization shall endure.

Every original painter, especially in landscape, has to pass through a period of contempt which it is in the power of any intelligent critic to shorten by demonstrating his fidelity to nature. This ought not to be an exceptional act of kindness on the critic's part; it is a simple duty which he is bound to perform whenever he sees the need of it. The most acute sufferings of men of genius are inflicted by the instinctive tendency of mankind to consider all originality a fair butt for ridicule. But little men are weak against a strong will, and one resolute voice will silence the silly laughter of whole multitudes.

A peculiar form of this duty is the defence of young artists whose powers are as yet imperfectly developed. It is certain that a young painter who sees and feels very intensely will try for too much and spoil his pictures. The sort of injury to young men's work which comes of their good qualities ought, therefore, to be spoken of with the utmost indulgence, and even defended, by the art-critic. Of course he must state the defects frankly, but at the same time he is bound to enforce the truth, too often forgotten, that certain rare and noble qualities, like swans, are repulsive at first, and only become beautiful as they approach maturity.

—Philip Gilbert Hamerton.